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A STRAY LEAF FROM THE VOLUME OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. A. C. GRAVES.

They are gone, the pleasant holidays, the merry Christmas and the the New Year's, with all their delights and all their joyous festivities. They come not again-no, not till a twelvemonth has stepped between, with new pleasures, new enjoyments and new duties.

But shall they be forgotten? Never! All that is joyous, all that is delightful we love to remember, while all that is gloomy and painful, we strive to forget.

Even thus in looking back to our earlier years we lose sight of our childish sorrows and trials, or if mirrored at all in the retrospective glass of memory, they loom up but dimly before our mental vision, as islands in an ocean-fog, scarcely discernible through the mists that surround them.

Strange that fond Memory when sle brings

The past, removes its bitterness and pain. And but restores its brightest happiest spots Its sunniest skies--its coolest, shadest grots. We scarce remember childhood hath a day Of storm and darkness; such are passed away And when we greet those oft-returning hours.

They fling us back the sunshine and the flowers.

And friends, recalled, that in the grave lie hid Leave all their faults beneath the coffin's lid

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" Such was my greeting from time immemorial, even beyond my earliest recollection. Brothers and Sister shouted drinking and sepping neekly aside to it at me, as we met on Christmas morning, their accustomal placesto be relieved of Father and Mother smilingly uttered it, their milky buthens. as we exchanged our pleasant salutations, and the grey-haired old Grandparents, at whose groaning board we ate our Christ- try, farmhouse mas supper, pressed it on my cheek with eloving kiss, while Aunts, Uneles, and Cousins, echoed and re-echoed it, till the dear old walls rang again.

Memory will go phack this de ight of the first month of the pro- Son year, to the precious past-I canno help . Neither can you, dear reader, when cares and anxieties are upon you, an you he dear delights of earlier yars, y, but surely slipping from your losened grasp. Nor will you need to wit till you are old; till the silver threads re reeping one by one among the brown r In locks that shade your still unwrit ed brow before you begin the retrospec Memories of childhood and youth! Ol w pleasant, how indescribably precious he first unfolding bud of Spring, the Summer sky undimmed by e'en a passing oud, the first ripe, luscious fruits of ear-Autumn-pleasures all, yet dim, tasteless and undefined, compared with those sweet memories of dawning, budding, growing life.

Christmas gatherings-New Years festivals-what pleasanter to be remembered than they? Family meetings, blissful reunions of hearts long severed, recipro. the reformer must cated kindness of trusting friends-let such recollections bridge departed years to-night, and let all that brought me gloom and sorrow in the past, be illuminated by the memory of such joyous hours.

I will hie me back to the crumbling, old, brown house on the hill, almost hidden among the clustering cherry, plum, apple, peach and pear trees that press so closely and so lovingly around it. I will wander from room to room in the antiquated mansion, mount the broad, old-fashioned staircase, and turning a key in a door to the right, enter and fill my pocket with nuts of various kinds, and return, as in the olden time, to the vaults beneath for my dish of apples and the mug of clear and sparkling cider.

I will look, too, at the brook, in Summer, singing so cheerily between the tall raint and pepermint on eitain House edge, to lave the and drink their on hand, ter.

Trotting 1, at Christmas, old, that not same sweet Micited, sang all ers as with a blen. nd tiny, tinkling to shut my eyes not changed

over the gushing spring, still twine them as loringly as when a flaxed headed OH! GIVE IE BACK THE PLIGHTED child I sunt my pitcher in the limpid tide, to dip therefrom a cool, refreshing daught for the gandparents I loved, and the geese and the ducks float as tranquilly in the pool below, as when my own hand bounteously strewed the grain for their

Back to the old house on the hill, with its big stack of chimners in the middle, and rooms all around, and the extensive wing to the west, the long passage between and windows opening into it from both sides, the wash-room and the wood-shed, and the well of pures water just at the door, and themoss-corred bucket resting on the curb. Oh! buta draught of it was delicious on a sultry summer day, though Grandfather's fastidious taste preferred a drink from the farthet corner of the spring at the foot of the hill; sometimes I almost thought because it was more trouble forme to get it, tough the shade of the thickly planted fret-trees made it no unpleasant walk, let old Sol shower down his fiercest ray to get a peep at my childish face-it wa a feat beyond his power to accomplish.

Then the troughs leading from the well spout, fixed in the side of the curb, clear down to the bir poplarone in the barnyard, where, morning ad night, the horses, Pomp and Brown, nd Dolly, with her sleek littlecolt, cane up to drink, and after themold Sterand Bright, with their patient facs, just aving taken their necks from thereavy yke; and then the cows; one, two three, fur, five, six, all

All seasons ereal to beautiful to me at that quiet, emure-loking, old, coun-

Spring with itsuffding these,
The fariting blooms of therehard boughs,
the twitting values but the bousehold excess he busy bee, on more to b aroused. The bleating lab brought, otherless, to be ie kitchen fire.

The summer crops of green and golden grain, Elpening the blessings of another yield, The grassy sea, that endulates the plain, The soldier maize, in mank and file a field, The well-kept garden's vegetable store, The gravelled walks and borders shaven close, Some scattering flowers that brightest colors wo Pink, Hollyhock, sweet Lily-bell and Rose. The reddining Cherry blushed to see the sun, The purpling Plum grest dark beneath his gaze, And soit. white hands and parting lips, anon, Plucked and devoured for all his burning rays;

Bold, stalwart Auturer with his skin embrowne Painting his treasures with an honest pride, His growing orchards bending to the ground, The well-stocked fields that street on every side, Chestrats he droppet on the distant hill, And lower down, the I kory and Ecech; Schoolboy and squirre gather what they will, His hand, unsparing, gites, alike to each. Old Winter, with his emine cloak and grizzly bear Was not less welcome han his bright compeers,

For many a tale beside the fireside heard Provoked to laughter, doubdued to tears. Brown Autumn's fruit riled on the tempting tray A genial hearth, warmedby a blazing fire, Some few kind friends to while the hours away, Love and content-what nore could one desire?

It is not always the best men that peach reform, by an means; but every a good man.

lany persons rail at society because socty will not keep them in idleness. Vce never makes to much headway in sociy as when it puson the garb of vir-

Th wisdom of this world is often fool-

ishnes in the sight of God. Theman who thinks laboriously will

expres himself concilely. To see men it is indispensable to be worth maey, for without they would be

worth nding. We shald consider integrity as of more weight the oaths; and observe the purport of wit we promise new strictly than

As longs thou shalt lie, seek to improve thyelf: presume at that old age will bringwith itself wishm. It is better to learlate than never

Those wh admonish the friends, says Plutarch, shuld observe the rule, not to leave them (th sharp expressions | Ill langurge desoys the fores of reprehension, which sould always be given with prudence andcircumspection .

"You are witing my bill or rough pa per," said a clent to his atomey.

Written for the Home Journal cloud therefrom. She came close to HEART!

BY FIED. Oh! we me back he plighted heartove of man years-

est boon lever knew life's hope and fearst

t-will not-give it upmy light-ty life-I cannot - will not go alone To seet earth's oll and strifet

The Rure's darl-I cannot see The teauty that wore, When was wantring by thy side,

opy days ovore! Then ome again ad cheer the heart Now lesolate an worn-Life's strows all vill then be light, And Inall ceasto mournt

Blight rabow hus will deck the skylopes the the pice of fears-Oh give a back the plighted heart-The hop of man years. WINCHESTER January 20, 187.

"MARNG IT UP."

## Nice Story or Married People

"I wish I hadn said i! Dear me! what would I give if I could only recall it," murmured Mrs. Less, a she leaned her face down on the am she had rested on the breakfast table, while the thick tears sobbed up in her blu eyes.

She was a pretty weman, the wife of a year, though the tear diamed her face, and the trouble at herheat shut off the roses from her cheeks hatcheerless November morning, with he full-brownish clouds piled low about he sky, and the hoarse wind cracking and cumping thro' the trees outside.

"To think, too," commuel the lady, raising her head once more, and abstractedly lifting the cover of the china tea-pot, "he should have spoker to crossly and sharply to me just becaused aid I should like that new velvet at Mers'. Well, I don't believe for my part, not there ever was such a thing as a woman being satisfied with what she has got. I think it was real unkind of him anyway, and nothing in the world could have made us belieur beford . mernd Henry Leeden ; et words in speaking to me. But I guess ! was more to blame than he, after all, for I said a good many satirical things. I almost wish my tongue had been cut out before they passed my lips, but, somehow, my temper got the better of me; and he kissing me!"

Here there was another outbreak of

"He won't be home till night, and how can I get through this long, dismal, dreary day, knowing all the time that Hal's angry with me; he who has bean such a true, generous, loving husband? How I wish I could see him just a minute, and forgetting all my pride, wind my arms about his neck, and say, 'Ha!, I'm real sorry; won't you forgive me this once?'and I will too."

The pretty lady sprang up from the table, a new determination heightening the faint color in her cheeks, and bringing back the sparkle to her blue eyes.

"I'll take the omnibus, and go right down to the office, and make it up with him; see if I don't!"

The young merchant was leaning, with a weary, half dejected sort of expression. over his desk, about which were scattered bills, drafts and letters in endless confusion. Something had gone wrong. His clerks knew this when he came into his store that morning, so gloomy and reticent, so thoroughly unlike his usual brisk, energetic, jovial nanners that always carried sunshine into the dark ware-rooms. Even the porter felt something of this, for he stood at a respectful distance from his employer, anddidn't indulge in any of

his old stale jok Suddenly the perchant looked up, and saw his wife making her way through the store, straight to is desk. How pretty she looked that norning, in the little, tasteful velvet hat with its crimson trimmings about her so cheeks, that were so charmingly becomer, and that half smile, dimpling the rosy, mall mouth, that he could hardly believ had said such very unkind things to he only two hours be-

Now, Harry Leed was very proud of his wife, and of the evident admiration which her occasional advent at the store The tall trees "Never min," said the lawyer, "it always excited. Hense up to meet her,

"Harry," whispered the soft, eager, timid voice, "I'm so very sorry I said those cross things to you this morning; I was greatly to blame, and they've made me unhappy ever since; so I've come clear down here to make up, and hear you say once more that you love me!"

The cloud was all gone. There was a world of fond tenderness that looked down from those dark eyes on the lady.

"Why, bless your little heart, Adeline! you havn't come clear off here for that? sleigh. I was more to blame than you a great deal, but some business matters were troubling me, and then I'm a touchy fellow, I guess, anyhow."

"No you're not; but I shouldn't have time that you were displeased with me. But you do love me just as well as ever?"

That smile, that glance, would have satisfied any wife.

"That wife of mine is a little angel, any how," murmured Harry Leeds to himself, as he arranged his disordered desk, with a face as changed and bright as the sky outside, for the sun had suddenly plung ed through the clouds. "If we have pretty good sales this week, I'll just get her that carpet for a Christmas present, see if I don't.'.

A SENTIMENT .- The Ladies: May their virtues exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are still smaller than their bonnets.

STRAYED .- An exchange contains the following notice:

"Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper, some time during the week, a ten cent piece. Who it belongs to or where it came from is a mystery to us, and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away; we have been without money so long that its use is entirely forweeping to think she has no mate-sud a he would have used that tone or those light cap on a pole as a signal of dis. tances.

A young genteman in this vicinity last week undertoon commit suicide by shooting at his daguerreotype. He was unsuccessful, however. This is the ... attempt he has made on his life within went off without one kind word, or even the last three months. Cause-broken sleep, brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

> In point of wealth, Massachusetts rank as the third State in the Union.

Neither look out for troubles, nor be entirely unprovided for them. Never be taken by surprise.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the bad.

Better be upright with poverty than vicked with plenty.

'Little boys should be seen, not heard,' as the urchin said when he could not recite his lesson.

Children talk of what they are doing; young people of what they intend to do, and the old of what they have done.

Moroseness is the evening tide of turbu

The actions of a man tell of what kind

he is, as do the fruits of a tree. Fame is like a river, narrowest where

ts birthplace is, and broadest afar off. Although indraining land thoroughly farmer's pure may be drained, yet the

full crops that follow will soon fill it In order to le justly, and be respect-

ed, we must attain from doing what we plame in other

We should not be hasty in forming new friendships nor in terminating those of long standin

The Atlantic cean is estimated at three miles deep, and he Pacific at four miles.

He who govers his passions does more than he who compands armies. Socra tes being one da offended with his ser vant, said, "I wold heat you if I were not angry."

The man who is without an idea, genseronsecting boughs has to be filed pefore it come into court.' he surprise in his fee helf chasing the erally has the great idea of himself

## CLIPPINGS.

A'Yankee editor says the girls complain that the times are so hard that the boys can't pay their addresses.

Why should a little boy be careful to watch the conduct of his papa's sister?-Because the Bible says,

"Consider the ways of the aunt and be

A lady was requested by a bachelor somewhat advanced in years to take a seat upon his knee, while in a crowded

"No, thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with youngster present who was not dying to

A Western editor thinks that if the proper way of spelling thro' is 'through,' lived through the day, if I had felt all the and ate, 'eight,' and bo, 'beau,' the proper way of spelling potatos is 'poughteigh-

Why was Herodias' daughter hard t beat at a horse-race?

Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "you had better eat me up," don't you do it.

"Steam," says Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator -- it annihilates time and Have we done anything to hurt your feel-

"Yes," says another, "and multitudes of passengers, too."

A late number of the Brookline American announces the destruction of the editor's hat, whereupon the Cornersville Times impudently wonders if any lives

An Itish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time.

"Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold half of you!"

Never trust a secret to a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, gotten. Upon one side is a beautiful young she will tell her aunt Hannah and aunt. ady with a handkerchief to her eyes- Hannah will impart it as a profound secret to every one of her female acquain-

An editor once said to a bore who had sat about two hours in his office,

"I wish you would do as my fire is do-

"How is that?" said the other. "Why, wir it is going out," pertly repli-

A man or ople of excellent on a having purchased tohn Ho of his accredit, and being told by or beau. quaintances that the cloth was very tiful, though the coat was too short, rep.

ed with a sigh, "It will be long enough before I get an-

Why is an omnibus strap like a con-

Because it is an inward check to the outer man.

Why is a Turkey a most unchristian

Because it is two-thirds a Turk. What is the difference between an auc-

tion and sea-sickness? One is the sail of effects-the other, the effects of a sail.

A man down east snores so loud that he has to sleep in the next street, to prevent waking himself up.

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell?

Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner. "Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at

the Columbia Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same

thing-the landlord footed me." A dentist having labored in vain to ex nact a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth,

gave up the task with this apology: for anything bad to come from your too long for a man?"

A diffident lover going the town clerk be lengthened-they are too short to request him to publish the bans of mat- ass." rimony, found him at work alone in the middle of a ten acre field, asked him to step aside a minute as he had something particular for his private ear.

Because it follows the C.

dis epliad:

A GOOD ONE.

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Kiss on Figur .- An exchange tells & story of a country party thus:

A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a free fight, " had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old fashioned pawn playing style: Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid, although there was not a taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for, suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention,

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I sin't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but-"

"What's the matter, John?' inquired half a dozen voices; "what do you mean!

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it: Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife who I consider as likely as any of'em, has not had s single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses as balance of the time as any gal i the room, the man that slights her has to fight-that's all. Now with your plays!"

If Mrs. B-was sligh the balance of the evening know it. As for ourselves, John had no fault to find with we ually, for any neglect on our part.

There is a providence in every pulsation, and in all the particulars that concern it: as the sun never ceases to shine. so the Lord never ceases to bless.

Wishes are by paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand-the stronger in the vale of tears.

Hannah Moore said to Horace Walpole, "If I wanted to punish an enemy. it should be by fastening on him the trouble of coustantly hating somebody."

the bones of birds are hollow, and fill ed with at the tot consist of speaking

Sincerity does at cisions, but in your mind on all occ be censurable, and so when silence wou ker Societies in this falsehood inexcusabl

located in several The number of Sh country is eighteen see nomination different States. Thel are pre- vols. founded by Anne Leekinds of

Honest loss is preferable to dishonest gain; for by the one man suffers but once; by the other his suffering is lasting.

The man who keeps possession of a single acre of land out of tillage, commits a robbery upon heaven's exchequer. Speculators say they don't believe in any such a dogma. Of course they don't, any more than a robber believes in the medicinal properties of the hangman's rope.

The editor of an eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

"Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you "The fact is, madam, it is impossible get your ears cropped-they are entirely

"And yours," replied Pat, "ous"

"Wiggins, w" A. S. C. tory do y eMinhville Inu,

NUNNELY. PROPRIETOR. Why is the letter D like a sailor East of THE SQUARE, Telm.

Because it follows the C.

Poinpey being asked to talk and contains large and company refitted good accommodations for